

CGC UNIVERSAL GRADE

Police Comics #5 Quality Comics, 12/41

3.5

Paul Gusterson, Fred Guardineer
& Jack Cole story & art, S.M. Iger story
Reed Crandall art, Gill Fox cover & art

CREAM TO OFF-WHITE Pages

0166447004



Plastic Man covers begin.
Marijuana story.



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WEB COMIC
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POLICE

COMICS 10¢

DECEMBER
No. 5

WITH
PLASTIC MAN

*New Comic
Sensation*



FIREBRAND



711



THE HUMAN BOMB



CHIC CARTER





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By
Reed
Randall

The most
dangerous threats to
America are Red Reilly's
foes when he strikes out
in his secret role as The
FIREBRAND. But behind his
back, sinister forces are
already driving ahead with
their devastating scheme.

A PLAGUE OF VIOLENT
SABOTAGE TERRORIZES
CITIES ON THE EASTERN
SEABOARD. THE SAMPSON
POWDER PLANT IS SHATTERED
BY AN EARTHQUAKING BLAST.

MACHINE TOOL WORKERS ARE
FATALLY INJURED AS STEEL CAST-
INGS BUCKLE AND FLY OFF TURN-
ING LATHE.

WATER MAINS BURST.
HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT
VICTIMS ARE
TRAPPED AND
CROWNED IN
SUBWAY TUBES.



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE MASTER MINDS ARE BAFFLED.

ONLY LAST WEEK WE ROUNDED UP ALL THE FOREIGN AGENTS IN THE CITY. WE MUST HAVE SLIPPED UP ON SOME OTHER.



MEANWHILE IN A SECRET HEAVILY GUARDED HIDEOUT, THE SABOTEUR RINGLEADERS ARE GLOATING OVER THEIR EVIL DEEDS.

LET'S LEAVE THE FIREBRAND'S TRADEMARK ON OUR NEXT JOB.

GOOD IDEA, FRANZ. THEN THE BLAME WILL BE PINNED ON HIM!



TALKING WITH HIS MANSERVANT, SLUGGER, ROD REILLY HAS NO INKLING OF THE PLOT TO FRAME HIM UNTIL...

F.B.I. AGENTS ARE SEARCHING FOR THE FIREBRAND AFTER HIS TORCH WAS FOUND OUTSIDE A BOMBED POWER HOUSE.



WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST, BOSS, AND GRAB THEM GUYS THAT FRAMED YOU!

YESSIR, SLUGGER, WAIT A MOMENT... IT'S JOAN CALLING. GO AHEAD, SWEET-HEART.



JOAN ROBERS' VOICE TREMBLES WITH FEAR.

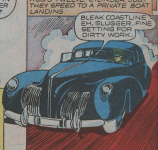
ROD...THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THE REPLY I GOT FROM MADGE DRAKE... IT'S NOT HER HANDWRITING... AND THE LETTER CANCELS MY VISIT WITH HER. I WISH YOU'D INVESTIGATE THE TROUBLE!

HMM... VERY ODD! YES, I'LL LOOK IN TO THE MATTER AT ONCE!



WITH SLUGGER AT THE WHEEL OF ROD'S TWELVE CYLINDER JOB, THEY SPEED TO A PRIVATE BOAT LANDING.

BLEAK COASTLINE. EH, SLUGGER, FINE GETTING FOR DIRTY WORK.



A SLEEK LAUNCH KNIFES ACROSS THE CHOPPY BAY. ITS ENGINES CUT SUDDENLY AS IT NEARS THE SLIP.

WHO'S THAT?

DUNNO.. TAKE IT EASY.



THE STRANGERS' ACTIONS ARE WARY AS THEY LEAVE MADGE DRAKE'S CRAFT.

CAREFUL NOW! THESE PEOPLE MAY KNOW THE DRAKES.

TAKE CARE OF 'EM, OTTO!



WHY, ROD? I NEVER SAW THOSE PEOPLE BEFORE. AND MADGE SELDOM HAS VISITORS.



WHEN THE STRANGERS DEPART IN A WAITING CAR, ROD URGES JOAN TO STEP DOWN.

OH, HELLO.. I THOUGHT YOU WERE ELUS. YOU MUST BE A NEW BOATMAN.

DATA'S RIGHT, M'AM.. HOP ABOARD!



THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS PILOT. HE'LL BEAR WATCHING!



DIVERTING THEIR ATTENTION FOR A MOMENT, THE BOATMAN FLASHES A SIGNAL TO THE PENINSULA.

LOOK AT THAT OSPREY, FOLKS!



THUS A GRIM PAIR MEETS THEM AT THE DOCK.

COME ASHORE YOU.. AND NO TRICKS!

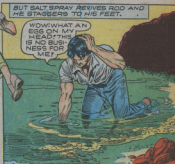


LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, EH? WELL HERE IT IS!



BUT OTTO SNEAKS UP BEHIND ROD..





JOAN'S HANDKERCHIEF! AND THERE SHE IS IN THE TOWER WINDOW!



SUDDENLY OTTO CHARGES OUT THE MAIN PORTAL...

WH-WHAT? IT'S THE FIRE-BRAND!



HE RUSHES TO RAISE THE DRAW BUT THE FIREBRAND REACHES THE MOAT.

I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH THAT GUY.. HE'S BAD BUSINESS?

IF HE THINKS THAT WILL STOP ME..



HE HASN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET!



THIS CALLS FOR A BACKWARD SOMERSAULT.



OUT OF MY WAY, USLY.. I'VE GOT A DATE UPSTAIRS!



THE FIREBRAND STREAKS INTO A MEDIEVAL HALLWAY AND FOLLOWS THE SOUND OF HARSH VOICES.



HE HALTS SUDDENLY OUTSIDE A DOORWAY.

HM... A SECRET SESSION AND THOSE BIRDS AREN'T HOUSE GUESTS?



YES, KAPTAN. YOUR MOTORSHIP WAS BIG ENOUGH TO CROSS THE OCEAN YET WE HIDE IT EASY IN THE SEA CAVE..

MY PLAN WAS A SUCCESS.. SOON! BRING OUR AGENTS FROM EUROPE HERE, AND YOU OUTRIT THEM FOR THEIR WORK IN AMERICA!



STRIKING WITH THE SPEED OF A COILED SPRING, THE FIREBRAND INTERRUPTS THEIR CONFERENCE.

BUT THE AXE AGENTS LEAP CLEAR AND SURGE ONTO HIM.



THE FIREBRAND IS TOO SWIFT FOR THEM... SNATCHING AN ANCIENT BATTLEAXE FROM THE WALL, HE MAKES A TERRIFIC SWING.



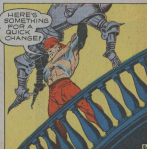
WITH THEIR CURSES ECHOING BEHIND HIM, THE FIREBRAND STREAKS UP A STAIRCASE.



BUT THE AXE FAILED TO DO A COMPLETE JOB.



REACHING THE HALL ABOVE, THE FIREBRAND RAISES A COAT OF MAIL.



THE ARMOR CLATTERS DOWN ON THEIR HEADS WITH STUNNING FORCE.



OUTSIDE THE TOWER DOOR, ANOTHER GUARD THEN CHALLENGES THE FIRE-BRAND.



BEFORE THE GUARD TAKES ANOTHER STEP, HE IS SWEEPED OFF HIS FEET.



AND IMPALED ON HIS OWN WEAPON.



WITH A TERRIFIC JERK, THE FIREBRAND SOON WRENCHES THE DOOR FROM ITS HINGES.



JOAN, MADGE AND MR. DRAKE RUSH OUT JOYFULLY.



BUT THEIR WAY IS BARRED BY LEAPING FLAMES.



GREAT SCOTT, FIREBRAND! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE THE KINGPIN OF THIS SABOTAGE GANG.. BUT JOAN WAS RIGHT.. COME ON, WE CAN ESCAPE BY A LADDER TO THE ROOF!



THE FIREBRAND GOES FIRST AND REACHES THE ROOF.

A RADIO ANTENNA! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA.



THIS WIRE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO SUPPORT US... A FEW LOOPS AND WE'LL BE READY.



IN A DESPERATE BID FOR ESCAPE, THE TWO GIRLS AND THE MAN OBEY THE FIREBRAND'S ORDER.

CAREFUL, DAD?

LOOK OUT, MADGE!

HOW IS IT, FIREBRAND?

IT WILL HOLD US ALL, BUT HURRY!



BUT THE GANG IS TAKING SUDDEN FLIGHT WHEN THE FIREBRAND REACHES THE GROUND.



HUH! THEY MUST'VE THOUGHT THE FIRE'D GET US?

THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE BOAT... I'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM... YOU POLKS BETTER DOUSE THE FIRE!



JOAN AND MADGE RUSH INTO THE MANSION.

LUCKY WE KEPT EXTINGUISHERS HANDY... WE'LL HAVE THIS OUT IN A FEW MINUTES!



WITH GRIM DETERMINATION THE FIREBRAND DARTS AFTER HIS ENEMIES.



CLEVERLY CONCEALED, A TRAPDOOR SWALLOWS THEM UNTIL ONLY TWO REMAIN.



BUT THE LAST MAN TURNS TO LOOK BACK.



HANG! THE FIREBRAND IS COMING!

DROP THE DOOR AND LOCK IT! HE CAN'T GET IN HERE!

THE FIREBRAND'S SENSITIVE EARS CATCH THE SOUND OF A DIESEL ENGINE BELOW.

THIS MUST BE THE SEA CAVE THEY SPOKE OF?



GUESS THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST BREAKING AND ENTERING IN A CASE LIKE THIS!



DASHING DOWN A FLIGHT OF STONE STEPS, HE SPOTS THE STERN OF A MOVING VESSEL.

WHEW! I HAVEN'T GOT A SECOND TO SPARE. THEY BEAT ME TO IT!



WHIRLING OUTSIDE, HE STREAKS LIKE A FLAME TOWARD THE HIGH CLIFF.

... THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION...



BUT I'LL TAKE IT!



I WON! NOW FOR THE PAYOFF?

SWINE! OOS! YOU BROKE HUGO'S BACK!



GUNS READY, THE CREW POURS OUT ON DECK TO MEET THE FIREBRAND'S TERRIFIC ASSAULT.



WITH JAW-SMASHING BLOWS, HE KNOCKS DOWN ONE AFTER ANOTHER UNTIL...



A BOAT HOOK CUTS A DEEP GASH IN HIS HEAD AND SENDS HIM REELING.



CATCHING HIS BALANCE, HE LASHES OUT WITH NEW FURY.



BEFORE HIS DAZED VICTIMS ARISE AGAIN, THE FIREBRAND MAKES A TORCH AND SETS IT AFIRE.

RUN THIS CRAFT ASHORE OR I'LL IGNITE THE FUEL TANK!



DRIVEN BY MORTAL FEAR OF THE FIREBRAND'S THREAT, THE ALIEN GUNMEN STUMBLE FORWARD TO OBEY.

HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE PIER, UNLESS YOU WANT TO TAKE THE "CURE" AGAIN!



MINUTES LATER THEY DOCK AND THE FIREBRAND HERDS HIS CONSCIOUS VICTIMS ASHORE.



KEEP 'EM COVERED, SLUG. JOAN AND MADGE ARE COMING OVER IN THE LAUNCH, SO I'VE GOT TO MAKE A QUICK CHANGE!



YEAH? BUT SEE, BOSS, YUH HAD ME WORRIED!

THE FIREBRAND DISAPPEARS IN A FLASH. ROD REILLY STANDS BESIDE THE CAR.



I WONDER IF JOAN'LL SUSPECT MY DUAL ROLE THIS TIME, HERE SHE COMES NOW.

GOSH, HONEY, IF THAT BOATMAN HADN'T CONKED ME, I WOULDN'T HAVE LET THEM DRAG YOU OFF.



I KNOW, ROD, BUT I WASN'T HURT. THE FIREBRAND TURNED UP AT THE RIGHT MOMENT..

THE FIREBRAND? YES, I SAW HIM. HE TURNED OVER HIS VICTIMS TO ME BEFORE HE WENT AWAY.. BUT I STILL DON'T GET THE DRIFT OF THIS MESS!



HERE'S MADGE AND HER DAD.. THEY CAN TELL US MORE..



I'LL SAY WE CAN'T THESE FOREIGN AGENTS DESCENDED ON US A WEEK AGO.. DOCKING THEIR BOAT IN THE CAVE.. USING OUR ESTATE AS THEIR BASE.. IF THE FIREBRAND HADN'T COME, WE'D STILL BE LOCKED IN THE TOWER!



SIRENS! THE POLICE ARE COMING!



THE FIREBRAND MUST HAVE NOTIFIED THEM!

GUNS DRAWN, A SQUAD OF STATE POLICE LEAP FROM THEIR CARS AND SHACKLE THE PRISONERS.

THESE ARE THE GUYS WE'RE AFTER. THEIR PALS SQUEALED WHEN WE CAUGHT 'EM.. BUT THE FIREBRAND MUST HAVE ESCAPED..



HE'S STILL WANTED? HUH, THAT'S STRANGE!

711

DAN DYCE, SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE FOR A CRIME HE NEVER COMMITTED, IS THE DREADED #711, WHO UNMERCIFULLY DEALS OUT JUSTICE FROM BEHIND PRISON WALLS, TO ALL WHO TRAVEL THE ROAD TO EVIL.....

A WEIRD FIGURE SLINKS ALONG DESERTED DOCKS----



CAT-LIKE THROUGH THE FOG HE MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD AN OLD SHACK----



THE "BICKY BUD" - SO SOON??

YES-I GROW IMPATIENT- IS IT READY?



DOES IT WORK PERFECTLY- WILL IT LEAVE NO CLUES - IS IT EVERYTHING I WANT IT TO BE??





A BRICK-LIKE DEATH-DEALING OBJECT IS HANDED TO THE BRICK BAT--



AND THE BRICK BAT WITH A SUPPLY OF THE DEADLY GAS, SLIPS INTO THE FOG--



AND FOR THE NEXT WEEK,
THE BRICK BAT STEALS
THE HEADLINES----



THE SCENE SHIFTS TO THE
WARDEN'S OFFICE IN WESTWOOD
PRISON WHERE TI AS A TRUSTY
IS WORKING IN THE OFFICE--



AND TI EAGERLY READS
THE CASE----



PRETTY
RUTHLESS,
EH, WARDEN?

YES, DAN, NOW
YOU CAN GO
AND GET READY
FOR SUPPER!



AFTER SUPPER TI WALKS
IN THE YARD----



LATER, WITH THE ECHO OF
THE GUARDS' HEELS FADING IN
THE HALL, TI MAKES HIS WAY
THROUGH A SECRET TUNNEL
TO THE OUTSIDE----



AND QUICKLY DONS HIS
DISGUISE.....



NOW TO FIND
OUT WHERE THIS
BRICK BAT
HIDES UP!



AT THE SAME TIME THE
BRICK BAT IS AT WORK
AGAIN....



YOU'RE RUINED AND
TOO OLD TO RECOVER YOUR
FORTUNES - YOU'RE
BETTER OFF DEAD,
FOOL--SO DIE!



AND ANOTHER VICTIM
DIES AT THE RUTHLESS
HAND OF THE KILLED....



HAVING HEARD WHERE THE
BRICK BAT HIDES OUT, TII
WAITS PATIENTLY FOR HIS
RETURN....



HE'S PROBABLY OUT
ON ANOTHER---AN-
HE'S COMING---



A FEW HAULS
LIKE THIS--AND
I'LL QUIT--



YOU'RE THROUGH
NOW, BRICK
BAT!



NOT YET I'M
NOT-- BUT!
YOU ARE!



TII RACES ACROSS THE
ROOM AND STOPS IN
FRONT OF A WINDOW---



AND DUCKS THE FIRST THROWN MISSILE ----



MACHINE GUN-LIKE, THE DEATH-DEALING CUBES PASS HARMLESSLY THROUGH THE WINDOW ----





THE NEXT MORNING HE ENTERS THE WARDEN'S OFFICE---





Eagle EVANS

By
CLARK WILLIAMS



DARE-DEVIL FLIER OF FORTUNE, EAGLE EVANS AND HIS SHUTTER-BUG FRIEND, SNAP SMITH, FIND HIGH ADVENTURE TEMPERED WITH KEEN DANGER AS THEY "INVADE" THE AZORES.

THE CLIPPER FROM LISBON DOCKS AT HORTA, THE AZORES. AMONG THE PASSENGERS GETTING OFF ARE EAGLE EVANS AND SNAP SMITH.



KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS OPEN, SNAP!

UH-HUH!

ONCE ON SHORE...

JEEPERS, IT COST US OUR LAST DIME TO MAKE THIS TRIP, EAGLE!

IT'LL BE WORTH IT IF THAT TIP FROM LISBON ABOUT THE CAVE IS TRUE.



AS EAGLE AND SNAP ARE WANDERING ALONG A NARROW STREET, THE READY EYES OF A "PEDDLER" FOLLOW THEM.



TOO QUIET TO SUIT ME.

QUAINT OLD PLACE, EH, SNAP?

THE DISGUISED SPY MAKES A SIGNAL TO THE BALCONY ABOVE.



...WHERE TWO MEN SEEM MUCH INTERESTED IN EAGLE AND SNAP.



IT'S THEM, ALL RIGHT, JOE!

THEY'LL BE SORRY THEY EVER CAME!

AS THEY HEAD FOR THEIR HOTEL...



WE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE, SNAP, NO ONE KNOWS WHERE WE WERE IN HORTA!

LET'S RENT A BOAT AND START LOOKING FOR THAT CAVE.

THAT AFTERNOON SNAP AND EAGLE ROW, ALONG THE BASE OF THE CLIFFS,



NO SIGN OF IT. I WONDER IF THAT TIP WAS A PHONEY?

HIGH ABOVE, UNSEEN TO THEM, ARE THE TWO SPES.



THERE THEY ARE!

THIS IS GONNA BE A CINCH BOSS.

THEY ENTER INTO EVIL
CONFERENCE

WE CAN'T LET
THOSE SNOOPS
FIND THE CAVE.
I'LL PLUG 'EM
BOTH WITH
THE RIFLE!

NIX! I'VE
GOT A
BETTER
IDEA. WE'LL
ROLL A
BOULDER
DOWN ON
'EM AND THEY'LL
BE SUCKED
INTO THE
WHIRLPOOL!



SNAP LOOKS UP JUST IN
TIME TO SEE THE HUGE
ROCK HURTLE DOWN . .



EAGLE!
QUICK!
RIGHT OAR!

HOLY
SMOKES!

MEANWHILE BELOW:

HEY,
EAGLE,
LOOK! A
WHIRL
POOL!

I THOUGHT
I FELT A
PECULIAR
CURRENT!



EAGLE HAULS FURIOUSLY
AT THE OAR AND DEATH
MISSES THEM BY INCHES.



WHUEW! COUNT
MY GREY
HAIRS!

A LITTLE BIRD
TELLS ME
THAT WAS
NO ACCIDENT,
SNAP!

EAGLE AND SNAP TIE UP
THE BOAT AND GO ASHORE

WE'RE GOING AFTER THOSE
BOYS, SNAP. C'MON. WE
CAN "SCRAMBLE UP THE
ROCKS!

I'M RARIN'
TO GO!



THEY'LL NEVER
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED!

THAT
BOULDER
MUST WEIGH
TEN TONS.



THE SPLASH OF THE BOULDER
MOMENTARILY COUNTERACTS
THE WHIRLPOOL.



PULL UNDER
THIS ROCK
LEDGE, EAGLE!
JUST IN CASE
THEY TRY
THAT STUNT
AGAIN!

YOU TOOK
THE WORDS
OUT OF MY
MOUTH!

WELL, I'LL
BE... (THEY'RE
STILL AFLOAT!

AT THE TOP OF THE CLIFF,
THE ARMED THUG WAITS.



IF THEY
SHOW UP THEY'LL
BE DEAD
PIGEONS!

EAGLE AND SNAP APPEAR ON THE ROCKS ABOVE THE THUG WHO HAS BEEN JOINED BY HIS PAL.



EAGLE SPRINGS ON THE SURPRISED GUNMAN.



SNAP TACKLES THE OTHER ONE WHILE EAGLE PINS HIS MAN TO THE GROUND.



EAGLE'S ADVERSARY PULLS A KNIFE.



BUT EAGLE BREAKS FREE AND.



AW, JUST WHEN I WAS GETTING WARMED UP!



BETTER GET TO WORK WITH YOUR CAMERA, SNAP!



THE FALLING THUG ROLLS AGAINST THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF HIS PAL AND.



BOTH ROLL OFF THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF.



A TWO HUNDRED FOOT DROP! WELL, I GUESS IT WAS EITHER US OR THEM!

(I GUESS THAT'S THE END OF THEM, ALL RIGHT!)



BUT THE SPIES EMERGE FROM THE WATER UNHARMED AND...

WE'LL SCRAM IN THEIR BOAT!



EAGLE AND SNAP SEE THE PAIR ROW AWAY.

LOOK AT THAT, WOULD YOU! WE'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW THEM ON LAND, EAGLE!



THE SPIES ROW TOWARD A U.S. NAVAL PATROL FLYING BOAT.

HOPE FRANZ IS WAITING FOR US!



EAGLE AND SNAP GUESS THEIR INTENTION...

THEY'RE GOING TO TRY TO ESCAPE IN THE PLANE!

THERE'S AN OUTBOARD RACING SKIFF EAGLE! C'MON AFTER 'EM!



A MOMENT LATER THEY ARE RACING TOWARD THE HUGE PATROL PLANE.

GIVE HER ALL SHE'S GOT, EAGLE! THEY'RE TRYING TO START THE MOTORS!

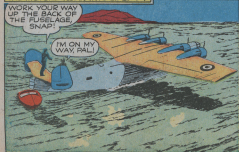
CAN'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!



THEY REACH THE TAIL OF THE PATROL BOMBER JUST AS THE MOTORS ROAR INTO LIFE.

WORK YOUR WAY UP THE BACK OF THE FUSELAGE, SNAP!

I'M ON MY WAY, PAL!



THE HUGE PLANE CLIMBS STEEPLY.

HANG ON, SNAP! WE'LL LEVEL OFF SOON, I HOPE!



SOON THE BOMBER COMES TO AN EVEN KEEL. A GUNMAN EMERGES FROM A HATCH.



WHAT A PLEASURE IT'LL BE TO BLAST THOSE GUYS!

BUT EAGLE GRABS HIM FROM BEHIND.



THE PLEASURE'S ALL MINE, BUD!

HE STRUGGLES WITH THE THUG WHILE SNAP SHOTS FILM. UNNOTICED, ANOTHER SPY APPEARS.



NICE GOIN' EAGLE!

EAGLE WHEELS AND TACKLES THE NEW MENACE.



I DON'T LIKE YOUR LOOKS EITHER, MUGG!

SNAP PUMMELS A THIRD GUNMAN.



INTERRUPT MY PICTURE TAKIN'; WILL YOU!?

THE PLANE LURCHES AND A SPY PLUNGES BARTHWARD, SCREAMING.



EAGLE HERDS THE OTHER TWO INTO THE BOMBER.



THERE'S ONLY ONE OF 'EM LEFT, EAGLE, THE PILOT.

LET'S GO AFTER HIM. I'VE GOT THESE GUYS LOCKED UP.

EAGLE RAMS THE MUZZLE OF A LUGER AGAINST THE PILOT'S HEAD.



I'M TAKING OVER, MISTER. GET OUT OF THAT SEAT! BUT FIRST TELL ME! WHERE THE CAVE IS.

IT..IT'S ONE MILE SOUTH OF PRECIPICE POINT.

HE TAKES THE CONTROLS.



LOCK THIS MONKEY UP WITH THE OTHERS, SNAP.

EAGLE BANKS THE BOMBER STEERILY AND HEADS FOR THE CAVE.



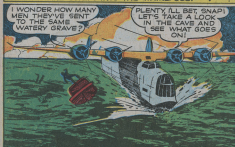
AN ARMED MOTOR BOAT APPEARS. EAGLE SWOOPS LOW.



HE PUTS THE BOMBER INTO A DIVE.



THEY MAKE A SWIFT LANDING, CAPSIZING THE BOAT. THE MEN ARE SWEEPED INTO THE WHIRLPOOL.



EAGLE AND SNAP ENTER THE CAVE.



INSIDE THE CAVE THEY FIND HUGE STORES OF DEADLY MINES.



EAGLE HASTILY SKETCHES A MAP.



THE FOUR GREAT MOTORS ROAR AND THE MIGHTY BOMBER SPEEDS THROUGH THE SKY.



Chic Carter

BY
VERNON
HENKEL

THE
TWO-FISTED
POLICE REPORTER
SO MUCH FEARED BY THE
UNDERWORLD, OFTEN BECOMES
THE SWORD, TO OPERATE
IN CASES BEYOND THE LAW.



POLICE HEADQUARTERS...THE WOMEN'S
TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATION HAS MADED
THE OFFICE, AND SERGEANT MORGAN
IS HAVING A TIME OF IT....



BUT...

THE GAMBLING IN THIS
CITY MUST BE
STOPPED.. IT IS
RUINING THE MORALE
OF OUR YOUTH!!

BUT LADIES...THESE
GAMBLING HOUSES ARE
OPERATING UNDERCOVER--
AND THEY'RE TIPPED OFF
BEFORE THE POLICE CAN
SPRING A RAID!!



"ABSURD! THE MAYOR
AND THE COMMISSIONER
ARE BACKING US... I'M
WARNING YOU, SOME-
THING MUST BE DONE!
...COME, METELDA!"

HELLO, SARGE,
WHAT'S GOING
ON... A GAMBLER
DRIVER? HA HA!



OH MY! I'LL BE
ON A CHARITY LIST, OK,
IF I DON'T GET RID
OF THE GAMBLING
DENS AROUND TOWN!!

THAT'S A PRETTY
TOUGH RACKET
TO CRACK... BUT
I THINK I KNOW
A WAY TO DRIVE
'EM INTO THE GROUND



CHIC RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE AND STARTS WRITING A SHOCKING STORY



...AND THE MORNING PAPERS CARRY BOLD HEADLINES....



HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA... THERE'S ENOUGH DYNAMITE IN THE CITY TO BLOW THE CITY WIDE OPEN!



YEAH! HE'S GOT IT!... BUT WHAT AM I GONNA USE FOR EVIDENCE IN THIS SO-CALLED SHAKEDOWN?

THAT WILL DEVELOP MONA-HAN!!



SERIOUSLY, CHIC, MONAHAN IS RIGHT. YOU'VE PUT HIM ON A SPOT!!

ALL PART OF MY PLAN, HOP INTO YOUR EVENING DRESS, BABY, WE'RE GOING SLUMMIN' TONIGHT!



AT THE EMPORIUM OF TONY FAUCY, HEAD OF THE GAMBLING SYNDICATE...



I KNEW YOU STACK THAT ACE!! THAT MONEY'S MINE... I WON IT!!

CALL TONY!!



SO TONY FAUCY IS CROOKED, EH? WE HAVE WAYS TO HANDLE TOUGH GUYS!

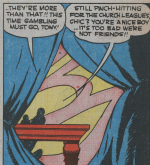
UNGH!!



HEY, BOSS, LOOK WHO BARGED IN!!

CHIC CARTER!





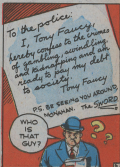
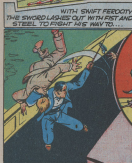
CARTER SWERVES RAPIDLY TO
ESCAPE THE MURDERERS' GUNS...



...BUT TWO OF THE GANGSTERS
GRAB GAY NOLAN







PLASTIC MAN



WE'VE GOT YOU NOW, PLASTIC MAN!!

HOIST AWAY! GERT.

THIS IS THE STORY BEHIND **PLASTIC MAN**!!



AS FETTERMAN HE POSES AS A CROOK WANTED BY POLICE...



LIVING AMONG THIEVES, HE LEARNS THEIR EVIL PLANS...



THEN STOPPING TO HIS PURSUE UNIFORM AND DONNING GUNBELT...



AND CHANGING THE FEATURES ON HIS PLASTIC FACE...



HE BRINGS THEM TO JUSTICE AS PLASTIC MAN!

LAST MONTH PLASTIC MAN MATCHED WITH AND MUSCLE WITH A GANG OF AMAZONIAN SACKTEERS, WOMEN OF ABNORMAL PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT BENT ON A CITY-WIDE PROTECTION SHAKEDOWN AFTER DEFEATING THEM IN COMBAT HE WARNED THEM TO LEAVE THE CITY FOR GOOD!

BUT MADAM BRAWN THE KING PIN AND STRONGEST OF THE SUPER-WOMEN, HAS OTHER IDEAS... ALL BAD!!

I'LL MONDER THAT BUM! JUST LAMP THIS MUSCLE!



IN A NEW HIDEOUT, MADAM BRAWN TONGUES EVIL PLANS:

IF THAT THREE-WAY-STRETCH OF A PLASTIC MAN THINKS WE'RE GOING TO EVAPORATE FROM THE CITY, HE'D BETTER HAVE HIS BRAIN OVERHAULED!

BUT WHAT IF HE THROWS US OUT?



IF THERE'S ANY THROWING TO BE DONE, WE'LL DO IT!! ANY ONE OF YOU GELS CAN LICK THREE MEN, AND PLASTIC MAN IS ONLY HUMAN!

WE'RE GONNA EXTERMINATE THAT INSECT PRONTO! BUT WE MUST BE CLEVER... HE WON'T FALL FOR THE USUAL TRICK OF PLASTIC!





BLATTENING HIMSELF OUT HE SHIPS OVER THE WATER LIKE A STONE.







STRETCHING HIS NECK HIGH ABOVE THE BUILDINGS, HE PERSISTS ABOUT...



AT THIS MOMENT PLASTIC MAN ARRIVES ON THE SCENE



SOON PLASTIC MAN IS HOT ON THEIR TRAIL.....



MINUTES LATER.....



ON THE DOCK THEY STOP THEIR CAR OVER A CERTAIN SPOT AND...

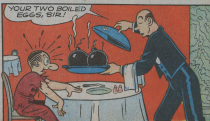
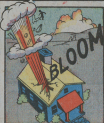




SUPER SNOOPER

THE YEGG BEATER

BY GILL FOX



Enjoy Super Snooper in the January issue of POLICE COMICS.

Steele KERRIGAN

By AL Bryant



FRAMED INTO PRISON AND THEN WINNING HIS RELEASE BY SAVING THE LIFE OF THE WARDEN, STEELE KERRIGAN FIGHTS ON RELENTLESSLY AGAINST ALL CRIMINALS, FROM THE SMALL FRY UP TO THE BIG SHOTS OF THE UNDERWORLD.

STEELE'S GIRL FRIEND ANNE HAS PERSUADED HIM TO GIVE UP HIS PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY, SO NOW THEY CAN THE HELP WANTED ADS.

SEE ANY-THING THAT LOOKS GOOD, ANNE?

NOTHING SO FAR!

SAY! HERE'S SOMETHING WORTH LOOKING INTO! "BUTLER WANTED. MUST BE YOUNG AND STRONG!"

AND THERE'S AN AD FOR A PRIVATE SECRETARY.. I THINK I'LL APPLY!

MEET ME HERE TOMORROW AND WE'LL COMPARE NOTES ON HOW WE MADE OUT.

ALL RIGHT, STEELE



STEELE HAS BEEN HIRED AND REPORTS AT THE BLANCHFLOWER MANSION FOR DUTY.

HE IS GREETED BY A GRIM-FACED OLD WOMAN.

STEELE IS LED DOWN A DARK CORRIDOR. HE HAPPENS TO GLANCE INTO A ROOM AND...

WONDER WHY THAT GUY WAS SO ANXIOUS TO HIRE ME? I'VE NEVER 'BUTLED' BEFORE!

I'M THE NEW BUTLER, DR. BURGESS HIRED ME!

HUMPH! COME IN! I'M MRS. PORTER, THE HOUSEKEEPER!

I'LL TAKE YOU TO YOUR QUARTERS!

WELL, I'LL BE!

HE DASHES IN TO FIND ANNE WITH MRS. BLANCHFLOWER AND DR. BURGESS.

A BRIEF REUNION.

DR. BURGESS INTRODUCES STEELE.

STEELE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ANNE!

I'M MRS. BLANCHFLOWER'S NEW SECRETARY.

THEN WE'LL BE WORKING TOGETHER!

THIS IS THE BUTLER I HIRED FOR YOU, MRS. BLANCHFLOWER!

HOW DO YOU DO?

LATER STEELE MEETS ANNE ON THE TERRACE.

SUDDENLY THEY SEE A FACE PEERING THROUGH THE SHRUBBERY.

AN OLD MAN APPEARS.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS PLACE, ANNE? STRANGE, EH?

THE WHOLE SETUP GIVES ME THE CREEPS! I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU'RE HERE!

COME OUT OF THERE!

I'M SANDY MAC LOAM, THE GARDENER. THIS IS A HOUSE OF EVIL... YOU YOUNG PEOPLE HAD BETTER LEAVE BECAUSE...

THE WITCH-LIKE HOUSE-KEEPER SUDDENLY APPEARS.

THE GARDENER HURRIES AWAY.

STEELE RETURNS TO HIS ROOM AND FINDS A NUMBER OF LARGE DIAMONDS IN A BUREAU DRAWER.

MAC LOAN! HOLD YOUR TONGUE AND COME HERE!

I-I GUESS I'VE SAID TOO MUCH ALREADY!

I THINK HE WAS JUST TRYING TO SCARE US AWAY. THERE IS SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON!

WHAT IN THE WORLD DO YOU MEAN, HE SAID, STEELE?

HMM.. THESE DIDN'T COME FROM THE DIME STORE.. THE OLD LADY MUST HAVE HIDDEN THEM HERE AND FORGOT THEM!

STEELE IS UNAWARE OF A SINISTER SHADOW.

HE PAUSES BEFORE THE DOOR OF THE LIBRARY.

IT'S BETTER RETURN THEM TO HER. SHE OUGHTN'T TO BE SO CARELESS.

THIS PLACE IS AS QUIET AS A TOMB. I DON'T BLAME ANNE FOR GETTING THE JITTERS.

STEELE STEPS IN TO FIND OLD MRS. BLANCHFLOWER MURDERED.

HOLY SMOKES! NO WONDER IT WAS QUIET IN HERE!

SUDDENLY A HEAVY OBJECT DESCENDS ON HIS HEAD AND HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR UNCONSCIOUS.



STEELE'S FINGERPRINTS ARE PRESSED UNTO THE HANDLE OF THE MURDER WEAPON.



BUT ANNE LEAPS TO HIS DEFENSE.



STEELE CAN'T BE GUILTY! WHY WOULD HE KILL MRS. BLANCH FLOWER?

HE SNATCHES ANNE, CARRIES HER OUT AND SLAMS AND LOCKS THE DOOR.



I'M GOING TO HIDE UNDER THE SUMMER HOUSE OUT BACK!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND STEELE! YOU ACT AS THOUGH...

WHEN HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, STEELE FINDS HIMSELF IN A TOUGH SPOT.



OOH! MY HEAD! WHAT HIT ME?

...FOR THE POLICE HAVE BEEN CALLED.



YOUR PRINTS ARE ON THE KNIFE AND YOU'RE STEELE KERRIGAN, EX-CON!

DR. BURGESS ANSWERS HER

MAYBE TO GET HER DIAMONDS THE SAFE IS EMPTY SEARCH HIM!



STEELE LASHES OUT WITH BOTH FISTS AND FLOORS BOTH BURGESS AND THE COP.

O.K. IF YOU WANT A PARTY.. BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO BE A SEARCHING PARTY!



I'LL EXPLAIN LATER, KID! I'M NOT GUILTY! I'VE GOT PART OF THE DIAMONDS.. BUT I DIDN'T STEAL THEM. WHEN THE COPS QUIT LOOKING FOR ME, TELL THE HOUSEHOLD WHERE I AM.



I DON'T GET IT BUT I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!

STEELE LEAPS OUT OF THE FRENCH WINDOWS TO THE LAWN...



I HOPE MY IDEA CLICKS OTHERWISE STEELE KERRIGAN'S NAME WILL BE CHANGED TO A NUMBER!

AFTER THE POLICE LEAVE, ANNE CONFRONTS DR. BURGESS.



"I'LL TELL YOU WHERE STEELE IS!"

"GOOD!"

STEELE WAITS IN HIS HIDING PLACE UNDER THE SUMMER HOUSE.



"THE TRAP'S SET! I HOPE THE BAIT DRAWS THE RAT!"

A MASKED MAN APPEARS AND IS VICIOUSLY TACKLED.



"I THOUGHT YOU'D SHOW UP!"

"I'LL KILL YOU TOO, MEDDLER!"

BUT STEELE'S POWERFUL RIGHT PUTS HIM OUT OF COMMISSION.



"YOUR MURDERING DAYS ARE OVER, MISTER!"

HE YANKS OFF THE KILLER'S MASK... IT IS DR. BURGESS!!



"JUST AS I THOUGHT!"

ANNE, THE HOUSEKEEPER AND MAC LOAM HURRY TO THE SCENE.



"I TOLD YOU STEELE WAS INNOCENT!"

"I NEVER DID TRUST THAT DR. BURGESS!"

"I'LL CONFESS! I HIRED YOU, AN EX-CON, TO BE THE FALL-GUY, KERRIGAN!"

I FIGURED THAT THE MURDERER PLANTED THE DIAMONDS ON ME TO INCRIMINATE ME, BUT WOULD BE GREEDY ENOUGH TO COME AFTER ME AND GET THEM BACK, AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED!



(LATER THE COP AND STEELE EXCHANGE APOLOGIES.)



"SORRY I MADE THAT CRACK ABOUT YOUR PRISON RECORD, KERRIGAN."

"I'M SORRY I SOCKED YOU, OFFICER, BUT..."

WE'RE OUT OF A JOB, ANNE, BUT I DON'T CARE!



"WE'LL FIND ANOTHER AND MORE EXCITING TOO, I'LL BET!"

THE MOUTHPIECE

UNKNOWN TO ALL THE MYSTERIOUS MOUTHPIECE IS REALLY DISTRICT ATTORNEY BILL PERKINS WHO IN DISGUISE BANGES THE CITY AND SUBURBS TO CRACK DOWN ON THE UNDERWORLD.... SUDDENLY OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS, AN AUTOMOBILE GOES CRASHING OFF THE ROAD!!

AAAGH!

IN HIS HOME THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HEARS AN EVENING NEWS FLASH.

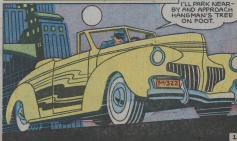
... ANOTHER ACCIDENT HAS AGAIN OCCURRED BY HANGMAN'S TREE AND THE PASSENGERS ARE REPORTED MISSING. SO FAR NO CLUES OF THE MISSING PASSENGERS OF THE PREVIOUS ACCIDENTS HAVE YET BEEN REPORTED!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE POLICE CAN'T FIND THE OCCUPANTS OF THESE WRECKED CARS AND WHY ALL THESE ACCIDENTS ARE AT THE SAME PLACE - IT MUST BE A DEATHTRAP!



BILL PERKINS DONS HIS BLACK MASK AND AS THE MOUTHPIECE DRIVES TOWARD THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDIES.



I'LL PARK NEAR-BY AND APPROACH HANGMAN'S TREE ON FOOT.

A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HANGMAN'S TREE THE MOUTHPIECE PARKS HIS CAR IN SOME CONCEALING WOODS...



AND CAUTIOUSLY NEARING THE TREE HIDE'S AMONG THE LARGE ROCKS.

THIS SURE IS A LOVELY PLACE... SOMEONE'S COMING!



WONDER WHO HE IS - AND WHY HE'S CARRYING A MIRROR!



THE HOODED FIGURE WITH HIS LARGE MIRROR CLIMBS THE GNARLED TREE.



ADJUSTING THE MIRROR ON AN OVERHANGING BRANCH HE SITS IN THE TREE LIKE SOME SHONLISH BIRD OF PREY!



IN A FEW MINUTES A CAR APPEARS IN THE DISTANCE.

HERE COMES A VICTIM NOW!



THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER LOWERS HIS MIRROR DOWN TO THE ROAD!



IN THE ONCOMING CAR.

HMM - CAR COMING UP AHEAD!



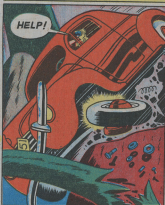
THE GIRL THINKS ANOTHER CAR IS SPEEDING TOWARD HER...



AND GIVES THE STEERING WHEEL A DESPERATE TWIST...



SHE GOES CRASHING OFF THE ROAD!



SCREAMING A MANIACAL LAUGH, THE HOODED MAN PULLS UP HIS MIRROR!



I'LL HIDE MY MIRROR UNDER THE BRUSH...



AND WE'LL SEE WHAT WE HAVE INSIDE!



NOW I'LL FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO THE DRIVER!



THE HOODED FIGURE CARRIES THE GIRL TO A WELL-HIDDEN TRAP DOOR IN THE GROUND!



CLOSING UP THE DOOR, THE STRANGE MAN HEADS TOWARD A NEARBY MANSION!



THE MOUTHPIECE OPENS THE TRAP DOOR.



TWISTING AND TURNING, THE MOUTHPIECE SHOOTS ALONG UNDERGROUND...



AND FINALLY HE IS HURLED INTO A PIT!



IN THE GLOOMY DARKNESS THE MOUTHPIECE FINDS HE IS NOT ALONE.



THE OTHER OCCUPANTS OF THE CELL TURN OUT TO BE THE MISSING PASSENGERS OF THE WRECKED AUTOMOBILE'S!



THAT HOODED MAN IS PROFESSOR SNOOK AND HE FEEDS US BY LOWERING FOOD THROUGH THAT OPENING!

HE'S KEEPING US HERE JUST LIKE ANIMALS!



BECAUSE HE IS NOT BANGED AND BRUISED LIKE THE OTHER PRISONERS, THE MOUTHPIECE IS ABLE TO LEAP UP AND PUSH ASIDE THE COVER.



CAUTIOUSLY HE CLIMBS OUT OF THE PIT!



QUIETLY THE MOUTHPIECE FOLLOWS THE DRAPED PROFESSOR ABOUT.



IN PROFESSOR SNOOK'S LABORATORY.



THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH—I'M GOING TO RESCUE THAT FELLOW—HE'S PROBABLY SNOOK'S KEEPER!



AS THE PROFESSOR GOES INTO A CLOSET TO GET HIS EQUIPMENT...



THE MOUTHPIECE DASHES IN AND SHUTS THE DOOR, LOCKING HIM INSIDE!



THANKS, FELLA! THIS WAS A CLOSE CALL!

WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON AROUND HERE ANYWAY?



PROFESSOR SNOOK WENT INSANE AND WAS PUT IN MY CARE. HE ESCAPED, CAME BACK HERE, AND OVERPOWERED ME. HE BUILT THE CHUTE AND WENT TO WORK WITH THAT MIRROR!



HE'S HAD ME HERE A COUPLE WEEKS, AND I WAS A GONER UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG!

LET'S GET A ROPE AND RESCUE THE PRISONERS... RIGHT NOW I'LL CALL THE POLICE!



SAVED AT LAST!

I DON'T KNOW HOW WE CAN EVER THANK YOU, MR. MOUTHPIECE!



YEOW-HA, HA, HO!

WHAT'S THAT?

LOOK!





FINALLY CORNERED BY THE MOUTHPIECE THE CRAZED INVENTOR TURNS.



THE PROFESSOR CHARGES!



QUICKLY STEPPING ASIDE THE MOUTHPIECE DODGES THE KNIFE AND THE MANIAC DIVES OVER THE WALL TO HIS DOOM!



THE POLICE ARRIVE AND IN THE CONFUSION CAUSED BY SNOOK'S DEATH, THE MOUTHPIECE SLIPS AWAY IN THE DARKNESS.



LATER - IN BILL PERKINS' AUTOMOBILE.

FLASH - THE POLICE JUST REPORTED SOLVING THE MYSTERY OF THE WRECKED CARS. ALL THE PASSENGERS ARE SAFE AFTER A TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE IN THE SNOOK MANSION. CREDIT FOR THEIR RESCUE IS GIVEN TO THAT UNIQUE CHARACTER - THE MOUTHPIECE!



VANISHING EVIDENCE

Judson Smith stood there in the crisp, deathly quiet night and looked down at what had been his life-long friend, Jerry Blake. Jerry lay on the semi-frozen earth, his face drawn in agony. A great red stain soaked the front of his shirt.

"Dead!" groaned Judson Smith. "Jerry—"

The New Zealand night gave back the words in hollow echoes. A kiwi bird, perched on the hard sand somewhere, voiced its throaty resentment.

Judson bowed his head in his hands and for a moment gave way to sobs. Then he straightened. No, this was not the way Jerry would want it. Jerry was a New Zealander, a prospector, a grizzled outdoorsman. He would not want tears for his "going away" party.

It took Judson five hours to hack a hole in the frozen earth and put Jerry Blake away. Jerry would want it this way, being of the earth he loved.

When a cold dawn blanched the eastern sky, Judson picked up his heavy knapsack and began the long trek back to Dunedin—a hundred miles away. He didn't know the country. He knew only geology. They had found a mine, a rich gold mine. Judson estimated the vein to contain several million dollars in yellow gold. Jerry's mine. Judson Smith's mine now. But Judson vowed, as he trudged along the torturous trail, that Jerry's family back there in civilization would get nine-tenths of the mine.

As evening drew on, it grew hotter. The Alps were cold. But as the trail dropped toward the coast, the weather got warmer. Judson was tired. His feet were raw, and great buzzing mosquitoes plagued him.

Who had murdered Jerry Blake? He had asked himself a thousand times. Who would want to murder such a swell chap? The Maoris? They were the only natives in the region. But the Maoris were friendly. There were hardly any other whites in that area...

Judson made camp, but he could not sleep; it was terribly hot. The fire wouldn't burn because of a lack of oxygen. He arose heavy-eyed from loss of sleep. He drank some sickening, brackish water and stumbled on before dawn grayed the skies. Then the sun came out, a ball of flame, and the sere earth gave back the relentless lances of heat.



As the day wore on, Judson Smith began weaving, staggering. His mouth was a cotton gin, his tongue a piece of flannel. A thorn bush had ripped across his cracked face and now dried blood was caked on the lava dust.

When Judson Smith opened his eyes, it was to behold the cool white walls of a hospital ward. Cool, white sheets covered him. Bandages adorned his face. A cool voice said, "Feeling better, Mr. Smith?"

Smith nodded. "Where am I? What happened?"

The nurse told him. Some oil prospectors had found him six

days previously. He was dying of thirst, out of his head.

"You have just regained consciousness, and you'd better not talk now," the nurse informed him.

Smith twisted his head around. A police officer was standing just inside the door.

"Who's he?"

The officer stepped over to the bedside. "Take it easy, buddy," he said. "And get well. You're under arrest."

"Under arrest!" gasped Judson. "What for?"

The officer grinned knowingly. "Mebbe this will refresh your memory." He held up a warrant. "For the murder of Jerry Blake, that's what for!"

Judson promptly fainted.

Dick Mace liked mysteries. He was in Dunedin on a little trip that had nothing to do with mysteries; but now that one had bobbed up, he'd like to tackle it.

"The way we see it," said John Martin, Dunedin's police chief, and an old friend of Dick's, "there's no mystery about this case. Smith and Blake went out. They found a rich claim. Blake didn't come back. Clear-cut, isn't it? Smith killed Blake because he wanted the mine for himself."

Dick shook his head. "I've been making some inquiries about Smith," he said. "Seems he's a pretty nice guy, and a solid friend of the Blakes."

"Who did it, then?" demanded the old official. "The Maoris didn't—there are darn few of them that high in the Alps. Besides, they wouldn't kill a white. No, Dick, this time you're on the wrong trail!"

But Dick Mace had other ideas. Of course, there was the chance that Smith did kill Blake—an outside chance, as Dick saw it. Dick meant to find out. Otherwise, Smith might be hanged.

John Martin accompanied Dick on the expedition that would or would not prove a man innocent of murder. From Smith they gleaned the approximate location of the mine; it was about a

hundred miles from Dunedin, as the crow flies. They hired two Maori guides, and started on the long trek.

So at length they came to the last steep rise. Then they were over. And the mine outcroppings showed plainly below them. There was the tiny spring, and the flat rock where Smith allegedly had discovered Blake's body.

"Hurry!" cried Dick.

Stakes marked the claim. There was the mound of earth hard by, marking the last resting place of Jerry Blake.

"Should perform an autopsy," said Marlin, eyeing the crude grave. "But we'll let that slide for the moment." He looked at Dick sourly. "Well, what now, Sherlock?"

"Pitch camp, first," Dick replied easily.

There was little sleep for Dick that first night. The others snored comfortably in their air bags. Dick sat by a small fire and shivered—and wondered if he were being a price chump.

Dawn came. Marlin got up, grumpy as usual, and ate a breakfast that put the others to shame. After coffee, the old chief said, sarcastically, "Well, did you see any bugaboos last night, bub?"

Dick shook his head. "Give 'em a chance. Tonight is the night!"

It was. Dick couldn't hold out all night, and dozed off. In the morning he bounded up, muscles stiff from the frigid cold, and glanced at the sleeping hags. Tompkins, a young police officer, lay half way out of his, on his face. Dick ran to him. There was a broad stain on Tompkins' back.

"Dagger," said Dick, after he had made a careful examination. "Deep wound. The poor chap's dead."

The others awoke soon after that. Marlin cried out in bitter denunciation of the fiend who had done in his friend, Tompkins, and vowed personal revenge. "That's no Maori work!" shouted the old war horse.

They made a careful search of the immediate premises, when it

grew light, finding nothing. Then they set out down the mountain. There were no tracks on the hard lava. At noon they came to a bubbling brook, then one of the Maori guides found footprints—a white man's heavy shoe!

They followed the dim trail for an hour, losing it whenever it crossed a lava hummock. The Maoris were expert trackers.

Then suddenly one of the



guides halted and pointed. Dick saw the cave, a small opening in the towering chalk cliffs.

"Come on," he said. "Better let the guides and me tackle this."

They approached cautiously. When they had come to within fifty yards of the cave, Dick whispered to one of the Maoris. "Stay here. I'll sneak up and have a look!"

But Dick didn't get far. A shaggy head poked out of the cavern, then the tall figure of a man appeared. He carried a butterfly net and a small knapsack. He waved.

"Hello!" he called, and came toward the three men.

Dick said, "How do you do."

"Welcome to my little valley!" said the stranger. "It's not often that I have visitors."

Dick followed the man into the cave and drank a tin cup of cold, icy water. The cave was fixed up as a comfortable habitation. Dick

got down to business. Did this man, who said his name was Jenkins, a scientist from Melbourne, know anything about any natives who might have committed the murders?

Jenkins did not. He was surprised to learn of the murders. Few natives frequented the valley; those who did were very friendly.

When Jenkins stepped out for a moment, Dick gave the cave a hasty search. There were no weapons anywhere. It was impossible to pin a murder upon a man who had no weapons—when the victims had died from dagger wounds.

They parted then. Jenkins said he was leaving for home within two weeks. And that night, back at camp, another man died, this time one of the Maoris. His scream brought Dick out of his slumbers. The Maori lay on his back, his chest gushing blood. He died within five minutes.

"Another one!" groaned John Marlin. "Who did it?"

Dick ran down the trail which they had followed that afternoon. The moon was bright on the lava rocks. He saw the man weaving in and out of the scrub bushes. He fired his pistol three times. The man jumped out on the trail and held up his hands.

"Don't shoot!" cried the fellow. It was Jenkins.

"I figured something like this," said Dick, covering his quarry with the gun. "Come back to camp, Jenkins."

John Marlin immediately recognized Jenkins as Silk Benson, a wanted criminal. Silk told his story. He had found the mine, and he wanted to keep Smith and Blake from stealing it.

"And so you used a clever weapon to keep from having the crimes pinned on you," said Dick. "Icicles, from your cave. They melted before the evidence could be found."

**ANOTHER DICK MACE THRILLER
IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF
POLICE COMICS
ON SALE NOVEMBER 12TH**

PHANTOM LADY

by
ARTHUR
PEDDY



OFFICIAL WASHINGTON GAPES AT THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES THAT DAILY RECORD THE EXPLOITS OF A MYSTERIOUS GIRL FIGHTER FOR FREEDOM... THE **PHANTOM LADY**... YET NO ONE GUESSES THAT SHE IS IN REALITY SENATOR KNIGHT'S GLAMOROUS DEBUTANTE DAUGHTER, SANDRA.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN CLIPPER ARRIVES IN OUR CAPITAL CITY. THREE PARADISE ARMY OFFICERS ARE ABOARD TO BE MET BY SENATOR KNIGHT AND DON BORDEN.



AW, SENORITA KNIGHT, YOU WAVE DINNER WIZ ME?

I'D LOVE TO, CAPTAIN ORTEGA!

STEAL MY GAL, WILL HE?



THE OTHER LATIN OFFICERS DISCUSS DEFENSE WITH U.S. OFFICIALS.



THAT NIGHT DON TURNS UP AT THE "CLIPPER CLUB," ESCORTING DONNA CLARRISSA MONTANO, DAUGHTER OF PARADOR'S AMBASSADOR.



HE SPOTS SANDRA AND...

HELLO, SANDRA! GOOD EVENING, CAPTAIN ORTEGA!... MAY WE SIT WITH YOU?



HOPE SANDRA'S JEALOUS!

OF COURSE, IT IS AN HONOR!

SUDDENLY THE WAITER STEPS BEHIND DON...



PHONE CALL FOR YOU, SIR.

EH? THANKS!



STATE DEPARTMENT? ONE OF THE PARADOR ARMY MEN IS WORKING FOR THE AXIS?



YES, DON... AND SINCE YOU'RE ONE OF OUR MOST CAPABLE MEN, I'D LIKE YOU TO INVESTIGATE!

BEFORE LEAVING THE PHONE, DON SCRIBBLES A HASTY NOTE.



I'LL PUT SANDRA WISE... MAYBE IT'S ORTEGA.



AT THE TABLE HE SLIPS THE PAPER TO SANDRA.

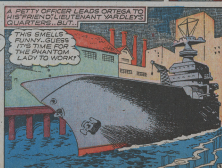
AND THEN...

SORRY, POLKE, I'VE BEEN CALLED AWAY ON BUSINESS!

THEN I GO HOME, SI?



BUT I WANTED YOU TO STAY AT THE CLUB, SENORITA MONTANO. NO... I MUST TELL YOU ORTEGA IS A TRAITOR... I KNOW!



SLIPPING INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE SUPER-STRUCTURE SANDRA PAUSES A MOMENT.

TO EMERGE AS THE PHANTOM LADY!



I'VE GOT TO GET BELOW AND FERRET OUT ORTEGA BEFORE HE SINKS THE SHIP!

FROM A CABIN SHE HEARS VOICES... OPENING THE DOOR SHE SEES TWO AMERICAN OFFICERS ENGROSSSED IN A CARD GAME.



YOUR HAND, YARLEY...

O.K... HEY! WHO ARE YOU?

NEVER MIND THAT.. YOU ARE "LIEUTENANT YARLEY" ARE YOU EXPECTING A FRIEND.. A CAPTAIN ORTEGA OF PARADOR?



ORTEGA? NEVER HEARD OF THE GUY!

AT THE MOMENT ORTEGA IS BUSY SLUGGING A SAILOR WHO STANDS GUARD OVER THE CARRIER'S PLANES..



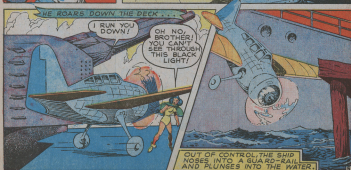
SUCCESSFULLY DOWNING THE GUY, HE ROLLS A PLANE TOWARD AN ELEVATOR..

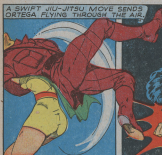


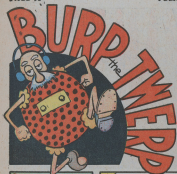
BUT JUST THEN PHANTOM LADY STUMBLES OVER THE BEATEN SEAMAN..



ORTEGA'S WORK!









THE HUMAN BOMB

ROY LINCOLN, IMPORTANT YOUNG CHEMIST AND HEAD OF THE NAVY CHEMICAL LABORATORIES IS IN SECRET, THE HUMAN BOMB... WHOSE BARE TOUCH MEANS DESTRUCTION OF THE WORST KIND...

WE FIND ROY LINCOLN AND HIS FIANCEE, JEAN ALKINS AT A DIPLOMAT'S BALL IN WASHINGTON

WHY WON'T YOU TELL ME, ROY?

BECAUSE IT'S A NAVY SECRET.

...AND BEAUTIFUL BLONDIES AREN'T SUPPOSED TO KNOW THINGS LIKE THAT! JEAN, LOOK WHO'S COMING IN.... COLONEL STANFORD!



OH, ER... HOW DO YOU DO! ER... WOULD YOU EXCUSE ME? I'VE AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT!

GRANDPA STANFORD, OH, BOY, NOW THIS WILL BE A PARTY!

YES SIR, HE CAN PUT LIFE INTO EVEN A CLASSICAL SONG RECITAL!

HI'YA, GRANDPA







THE BUTT END OF AN AUTOMATIC GRAZES ROY LINCOLN'S TEMPLE...



BUT, AS HE FALLS, HIS HAND STREAKS OUT GRABBING THE BACK BUMPER!



SOME TIME LATER, THE CAR STOPS AT AN OLD BAM-SHACKLE HOUSE NEAR THE WATERFRONT....



OKAY, BOYS.. WE'LL TAKE UP OUR LITTLE GAME AGAIN WHEN YOU GET TO WHERE YOU'RE GOING! AND THEN... YOU'LL GET A DIFFERENT STORY!!!!



MAYBE THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN I THOUGHT. STANFORD HAD QUITE AN IMPORTANT POSITION IN OUR DIPLOMATIC SERVICE..



THE POWER BEHIND ROY'S BLOW SENDS THE THUG
ROLLING ACROSS THE ROOM... THROUGH ANOTHER DOOR...



HE CRASHES A BAL-
CONY INSIDE.....



...AND DOWN INTO A LARGE ROOM
WHERE EIGHT OTHER MEN ARE
GATHERED....



THERE'S...THERE'S
A NAVY GUY
UPSTAIRS...

AT ONCE THERE'S A MAD
SCRAMBLE UP THE STAIRS...



THEY FACE ROY
LINCOLN WHO IS
NOW THE HUMAN
BOMB.....

GREETINGS! ONE OF
YOU KILLED
MAJOR STANFORD..



THE
HUMAN
BOMB!!

...SO THE WHOLE
BLAMED MESS OF
YOU ARE GOING TO
GET WHAT'S COMING
TO YOU!



THIS IS ONE NAVY
GUY THAT WON'T
LIVE LONG!



BUT, AS THE MEN RUSH
INTO THE ROOM FROM
WHERE THEIR FELLOW
THUG FLEW...



KILL AN OLD MAN WHO
WAS PROBABLY THE
SWELLEST GUY I
EVER MET, EH?



DOWN THE STAIRS THE MEN FLEE LIKE A PACK OF GUN-SHY HOUNDS... AND THE HUMAN BOMB AFTER THEM, STRIKING AT ANYONE WITHIN HIS REACH...



BUT THE HUMAN BOMB SUDDENLY STOPS HIS ATTACK...



WH...WHAT?? ALL RIGHT... YOU WIN!!



FOR, LOOKING DOWN, HE SEES...



COLONEL STANFORD!! W...WHAT??

NOW STANFORD, WE CAN PROCEED FROM WHERE WE LEFT OFF! JOE...GET THE FIRE!



RIGHT, MR. HUMAN BOMB... THE MAN YOU SAW KILLED WAS SOMEONE MADE UP TO RESEMBLE THE COLONEL. HERE NOW ANOTHER MOVE OUT OF YOU AND I'LL PUT A SLUG INTO STANFORD'S HEAD!!



AT THE ORDER FROM THE LEADER A TRAY OF HOT COALS IS PLACED UNDER STANFORD'S FEET!!



BEFORE LONG STANFORD, YOUR FEET WILL BECOME TOO HOT FOR REAL COMFORT... LET'S HEAR THE TRUE POSITION THE UNITED STATES IS TAKING IN REGARD TO THE JAPANESE SITUATION, TALK!!



SO THAT'S IT... AND THE PHONEY COLONEL WAS KILLED SO THEY WOULDN'T BE BOTHERED BY POLICE LOOKING FOR THE REAL COLONEL! SAY, THAT BEAM RUNS RIGHT OVER FAT-STUFF'S HEAD.



UNSEEN, THE HUMAN BOMB REMOVES THE GLOVE ON ONE OF HIS DEADLY HANDS...



THEN...AS QUICK AS A FLASH, HE SWINGS OVER THE RAILING AND TOUCHES THE BEAM ABOVE THE LEADER OF THE ADVANCE RING...



AS THE BEAM IS BLOWN LOOSE FROM ITS MOORING, IT PROPS, CRASHING DOWN ON THE LEADER OF THE FOREIGN AGENTS.



IN THE SCRAMBLE THE TRAY OF HOT COALS UNDER STANFORD'S FEET IS KICKED OVER....



AS THE COAL HITS THE DRY WOODEN FLOOR, THE BUILDING IS TURNED INTO A BLAZING INFERNO....



SORRY THAT I HAVE TO TAKE YOU OUT THIS WAY COLONEL... BUT THERE ISN'T TIME TO BE FUSSY!!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

THERE, YOU'RE UNFIT!

THOSE MEN YOU CHASED THEM TO THE BACK OF THE BUILDING... THEY'LL BURN ALIVE!



NOT WHERE THEY ARE NOW! HERE... GO AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE BUILDING AND SEE THAT THEY STAY THERE!



B.BUT, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? THIS JOB IS FINISHED, SO I'LL SAY S'LONG!



AS THE HUMAN BOMB ROUNDS THE CORNER OF THE BUILDING...

NOW TO GET THIS BIG BUT OFF AND BECOME ROY LINCOLN AGAIN... THEN SEND FOR THE POLICE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

GET YOUR HANDS OFF THAT LEDGE!

OKAY COLONEL... YOU CAN LET HIM CLIMB OUT OF THE RIVER NOW... WE'VE ROUNDED THESE UP!

IT'S... IT'S TOO COLD TO SWIM!



SAY, ROY... THAT WAS PRETTY CLEVER OF THAT BOMB FELLOW CHASING THESE GUVN'S TO THE BACK OF THE BURNING BUILDING SO THEY'D HAVE TO JUMP INTO THE RIVER AND BE CAUGHT! YOU NAVY FELLOWS COULD LEARN A LOT FROM HIM!



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Boys! Don't miss the thrill of this fast-moving Electric Game.



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GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST!

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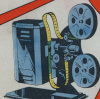
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State _____